Hot. Come *Kate*, thou art perfect in lying downe,
Come, quicke, quicke, that I may lay my head in thy lap.
La. Go, ye giddy gooſe.
The Muſicke playes.
Hot. Now I perceiue the diuell vnderſtands *Welſh*.
And t'is no maruell he is ſo humorous,
Birlady he is a good muſition.
Lady. Then would you be nothing but muſicall,
For you are altogether gouerned by humors:
Lie ſtill ye thiefe, and heare the Lady ſing in *Welſh*.
Hot. I had rather heare *Lady*, my breech howle in *Iriſh*.
La. Would'ſt haue thy head broken?
Hot. No.
La. Then be ſtill.
Hot. Neither, t'is a womans fault.
La. Now God helpe thee.
Hot. To the *Welſh* Ladies bed.
La. What's that?
Hot. Peace, ſhe ſings.
Heere the Lady ſings a welſh ſong.
Hot. Come, Ile haue your ſong too.
La. Not mine in good ſooth.
Hot. Not yours in good ſooth? Hart you ſweare like a comfitmakers wife, not you in good ſooth, & as true as I liue, and as God ſhall mend me, and as ſure as day:
And giueſt ſuch ſarcenet ſurety for thy othes,
As if thou neuer walkſt further then *Finsbury:*
Sweare me *Kate*, like a Ladie as thou art,
A good mouth filling oath, and leaue in ſooth,
And ſuch proteſt of pepper ginger-bread,
To veluet gards, and Sunday-Cittizens.
Come, ſing.
La. I will not ſing.
Hot. T is the next way to turne tayler, or be red-breſt teacher and the indentures be drawne, Ile away within theſe 2. hours, and ſo come in when ye will. *Exit.*
Glen. Come, come, Lord *Mortimer*, you are ſlow,
As *Hot* Lord *Percy* is on fire to goe.

By

By this our Booke is drawne, weele but ſeale,
And then to horſe immediately.
Mor. With all my heart.
Enter the King, Prince of Wales, and other.
King. Lords, giue vs leaue, the Prince of *Wales*, and
Muſt haue ſome priuate conference, but be neere at ha
For we ſhall preſently haue need of you. *Exeunt*
I know not whether God will haue it ſo,
For ſome diſpleaſing ſeruice I haue done,
That in his ſecret doome, out of my blood,
Hee'le breed reuengement and a ſcourge for me:
But thou doſt in the paſſages of life,
Make me beleeue, that thou art onely mark't
For the hot vengeance, and the rod of Heauen,
To puniſh my miſtreadings. Tell me elſe
Could ſuch inordinate and low deſires,
Such poore, ſuch bare, ſuch lewd, ſuch meane attempt
Such barren pleaſures, rude ſocietie,
As thou art matcht withall, and grafted to,
Accompany the greatnes of thy blood,
And hold their leuell with thy Princely heart?
Prin. So pleaſe your Maieſtie, I would I could
Quit all offences with as cleare excuſe,
As well as I am doubtleſſe I can purge
My ſelfe of many I am charg'd withall:
Yet ſuch extenuation let me beg,
As in reproofe of many tales deuiſde,
Which oft the eare of greatnes needs muſt heare
By ſmiling Pick-thankes, and baſe newes-mongers,
I may for ſome things true, wherein my youth
Hath faulty wandred, and irregular,
Find pardon on my true ſubmiſſion.
King. God pardon thee, yet let me wonder *Harry*,
At thy affections, which doe hold a wing
Quite from the flight of all thy anceſtors:
Thy place in Counſell thou haſt rudely loſt,
Which by thy yonger Brother is ſupplide,
And art almoſt an alien to the hearts